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PREMIUMS - CASH

Act Now



BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES

ACT
NOW

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Coupon

WE ARE RELIABLE
OUR 56th YEAR

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GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

ACT NOW



We Are Reliable Write or Mail Coupon

BOYS - GIRLS

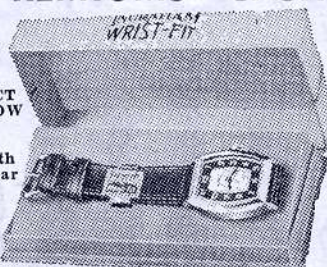
1000 Shot Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. J-27, TYRONE, PA.

GIVEN

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ACT NOW

56th Year



BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES - Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon now. Our 56th year. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. K-27, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission



ACT NOW

OUR 56th YEAR BE FIRST

Cub Fishing Outfits, Footballs, Baseballs, Basketball Outfits (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us. We are reliable. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. L-27, TYRONE, PA.



GIVEN - GIVEN

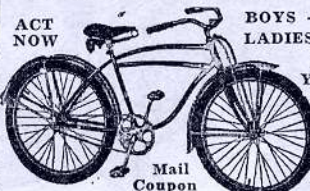
Premiums - Cash Commission

ACT NOW

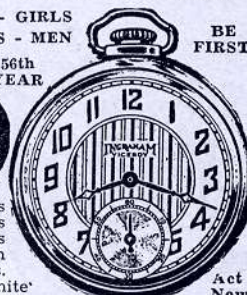
BOYS - GIRLS
LADIES - MEN

56th
YEAR

BE
FIRST



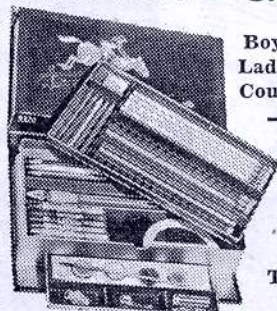
Mail
Coupon



Act
Now

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Write or mail coupon today. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. M-27, Tyrone, Pa.

PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH



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Ladies - Mail
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TRUST
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Be
First

Act
Now

Our
56th
Year

Mail

OUR
56th
YEAR

GIVEN - Premiums - Cash

56th YEAR



BOYS - GIRLS
LADIES - MEN

Genuine 22 cal. Rifles, MAIL Wrist Watches (sent COUPON postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **GIVE** Pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. P-27, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. A-27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name Age.....
St. R.D. Box.....
Zone
Town No. State.....
Print LAST
Name Here

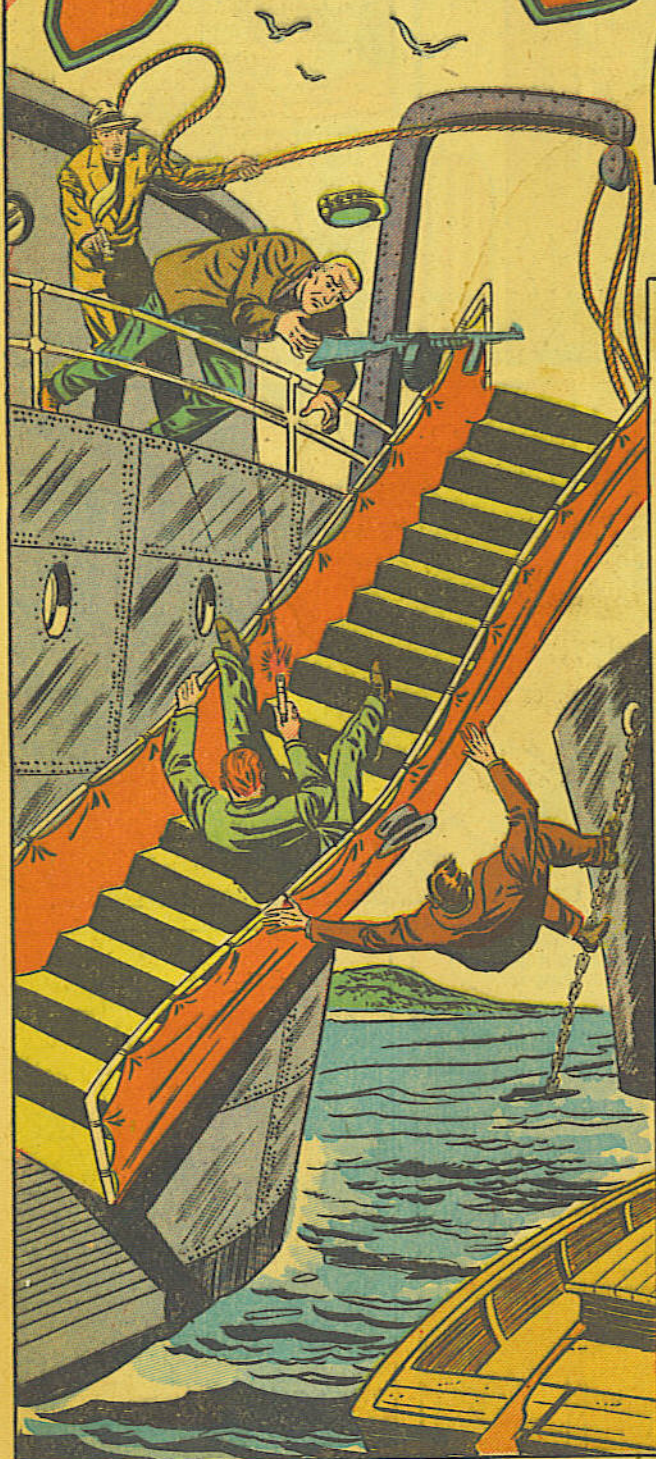
Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW



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DANNY DANGER

THE TWENTY SHIPS WERE PART OF AMERICA'S HUGE WAR TIME CARGO FLEET... THEY ALL LOOKED EXACTLY ALIKE... BUT ONE OF THEM FIGURED IN A MYSTERIOUS \$100,000 DEAL... WITH MURDER THE TRUMP CARD! AS USUAL, IT'S A GIRL WHO BRINGS DANNY DANGER INTO THE CASE... AND SOMETHING ELSE IN SKIRTS THAT TOUCHES OFF THE LIVELIEST WINDUP ANY PRIVATE EYE COULD WISH FOR!



ONE AFTERNOON... IN DANNY'S OFFICE...

I UNDERSTAND THE COMMISSIONER HAD YOU ON THE CARPET FOR MUSCLING IN ON MY CASES, BRIGHT EYES! WANNA BET HE REVOKES YOUR PRIVATE DETECTIVE'S LICENSE?

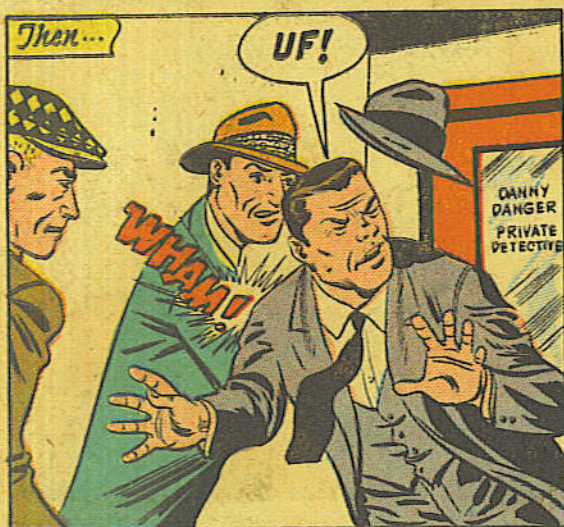
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW, FLATFOOT... I CONVINCED THE COMMISSIONER THAT YOUR SQUAWK WAS STRICTLY A MATTER OF ENVY... DELUSIONS... AND WHATNOT! IN FACT... I DID A PRETTY GOOD JOB OF PROVING YOU'RE COMPLETELY OFF YOUR ROCKER!



LOOK, DANNY... WHY DON'T WE BURY THE HATCHET AND WORK TOGETHER? FOR EXAMPLE... ON SOME OF THESE NICE, LURID CASES THE POLICE NEVER HEAR ABOUT?

WHAT CASES? YOU KNUCKLEHEAD... THE ONLY TIME I BY-PASS THE LAW IS WHEN YOU BOBBLE THINGS!







IN FACT, RATS
...THE POSSIBILI-
TIES ARE ENDLESS!



I DON'T KNOW WHERE INSPECTOR
GRAVEL DISAPPEARED TO... BUT HE'S
SURE **MISSING** SOMETHING!

OW!



UNEXPECTEDLY...
OKAY, YOU
NO-GOODS
...GET
'EM
UP!

BLAM!



I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU
TO **FADE**, GUMSHOE!

CRACK!



C'MON, STRETCH
...GET THAT GIRL
OUT OF HERE!



A MOMENT LATER...

NICE TRY,
INSPECTOR...
BUT THEY JUST
ROUNDED THE
CORNER IN
TWO CARS!

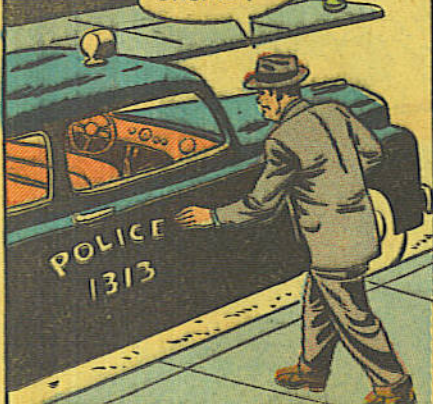
YOU THINK THAT'S
GOING TO STYMIE
ME? COME ON,
DANGER...TROT
OUT YOUR CITY
DIRECTORY!



NOPE...NO **LOLA**
HASTINGS! NOW
THAT THERE ISN'T
A SINGLE CLUE...
MAYBE THIS IS
ANOTHER CASE
YOU'D LIKE TO
BEEF ABOUT,
GRAVEL!

DON'T HAND ME
THAT, BUSTER!
THE GIRL WOULDN'T
HAVE COME TO
YOU IN THE
FIRST PLACE...
UNLESS YOU
KNEW THE
SCORE!

YEP...I CAN TELL WHEN DANNY'S PLAYING DUMB! BUT THIS TIME I'M GONNA BE THE ONE WHO HORNS IN... **BECAUSE I KNOW JUST THE SYSTEM FOR PUMPING INFORMATION OUT OF THAT CRUMB!**



REAL FIREBALL, EH? I LEAVE A DOPE HERE TO WATCH YOU WHILE **WE'RE** SEARCHING THE SHIPS... AND YOU CONK HIM WITH A BOTTLE AND SCRAM!

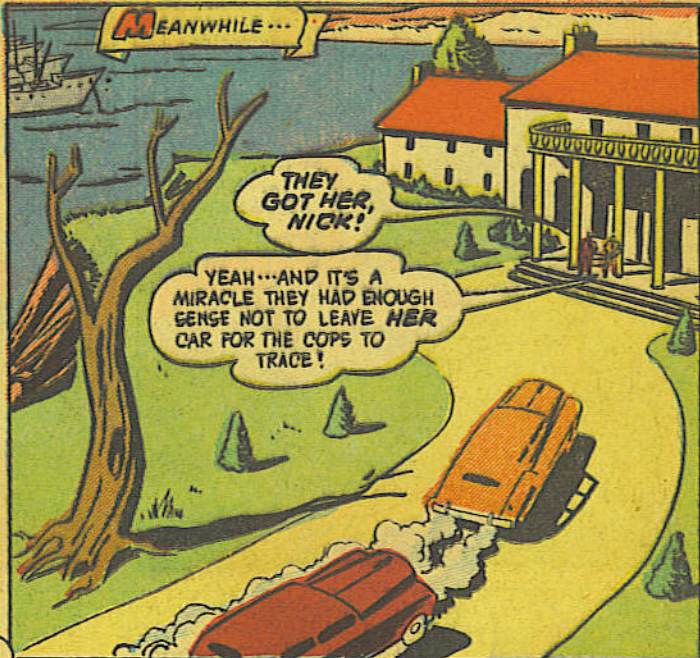
WE GRABBED HER JUST IN TIME, NICK... **RIGHT AFTER SHE REACHED DANNY DANGER'S OFFICE!**



MEANWHILE...

THEY GOT HER, NICK!

YEAH...AND IT'S A MIRACLE THEY HAD ENOUGH SENSE NOT TO LEAVE **HER** CAR FOR THE COPE TO TRACE!



GOOD THING YOU DID! I WOULDN'T WANT HIM BREATHING DOWN OUR NECKS... **WHEN WE'VE GOT JUST THREE MORE SHIPS TO LOOK OVER BEFORE WE FIND THAT \$100,000 PACKAGE OF DIAMONDS!**

YOU MAY HEAR FROM DANNY DANGER YET! I HAVEN'T PHONED MY MOTHER DURING THE THREE DAYS YOU'VE BEEN HERE...AND ONCE SHE SUSPECTS SOMETHING'S WRONG... **HE'S THE ONE SHE'LL GO TO!**



DON'T TRY AN OLD ANGLE LIKE **THAT** ON NICK FOLEY, SWEETHEART! YOU'RE NOT BLUFFING **ME** INTO LETTING YOU PHONE YOUR OLD LADY...SO YOU CAN GIVE HER A FEW HINTS ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON!



MAYBE THE KID **IS** TRYING TO PULL A FAST ONE, NICK! BUT WE HAVEN'T BEEN ANSWERING THE PHONE...SUPPOSE HER MOTHER **DOES** GET SUSPICIOUS?

WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE...BUT I DON'T WANT TO STICK MY NECK OUT WITH A SMOOTH OPERATOR LIKE DANNY DANGER! I WANT YOU AND MAX TO KEEP TABS ON HIM AROUND THE CLOCK...AND IF THE GIRL'S MOTHER SHOWS UP... **GRAB 'EM BOTH AND BRING 'EM HERE!**



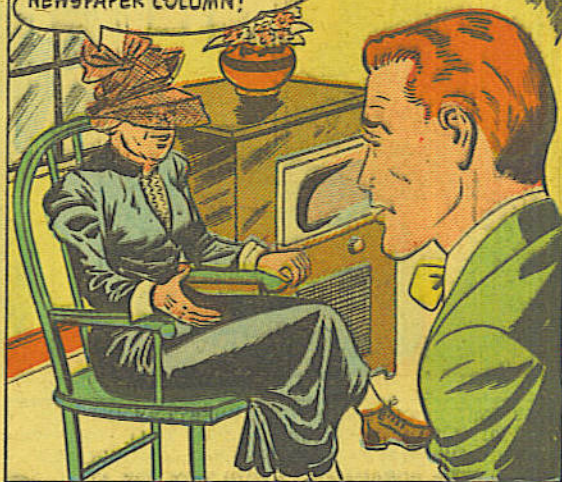
THAT EVENING...A FAMILIAR VEHICLE IS PARKED AROUND THE CORNER FROM DANNY'S HOME!



AND AT THAT MOMENT...

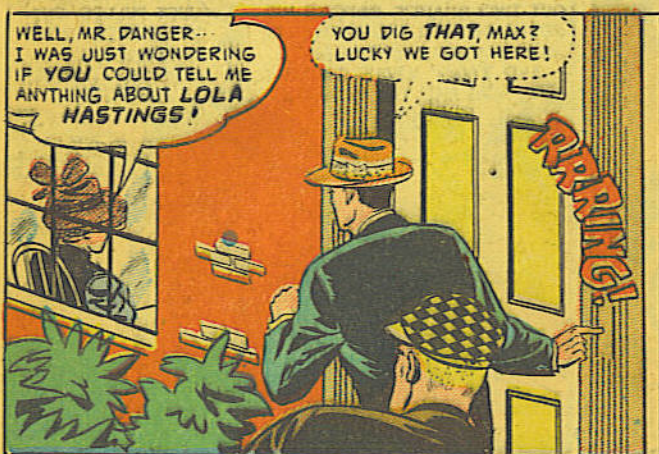
I'VE HEARD YOU'RE A PERFECT PUSHOVER FOR THE FAIR SEX, MR. DANGER... AND I KNOW YOU'LL GIVE ME SOME FACTS ABOUT YOUR RECENT CASES FOR MY SYNDICATED NEWSPAPER COLUMN!

OKAY, LADY! ANY PARTICULAR CASE YOU'RE INTERESTED IN?



WELL, MR. DANGER... I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU COULD TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT LOLA HASTINGS!

YOU DIG THAT, MAX? LUCKY WE GOT HERE!



HOLY COW! THEY'RE THE RATS GRAVEL AND I TANGLED WITH!



STOP! LEGGO!

THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU, BABY! COME ON... DUCK INTO THAT CLOSET BEFORE THOSE HOODS BARGE IN!



BONK! SLAM!

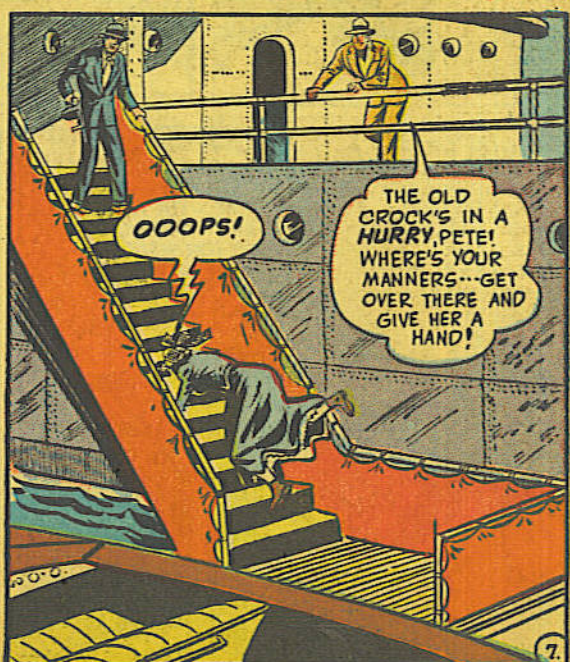
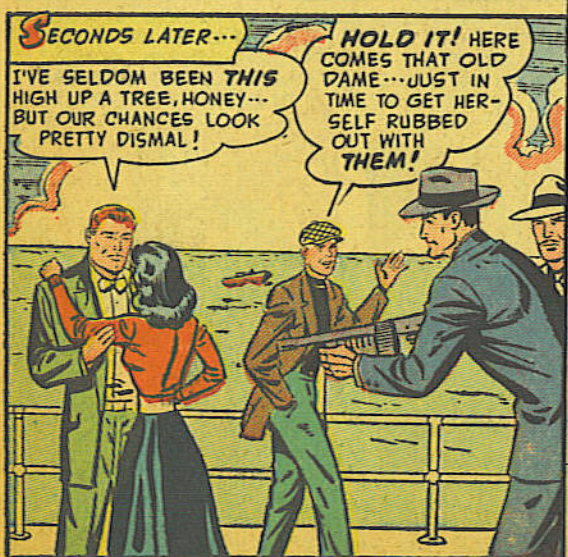


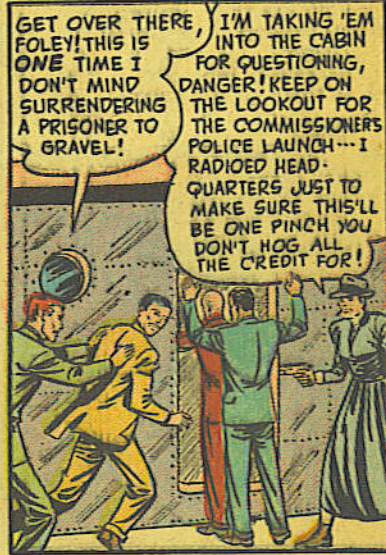
AN INSTANT LATER...

DON'T TRY TO PULL A STALL ON US, DANGER... WE'RE COMING IN!

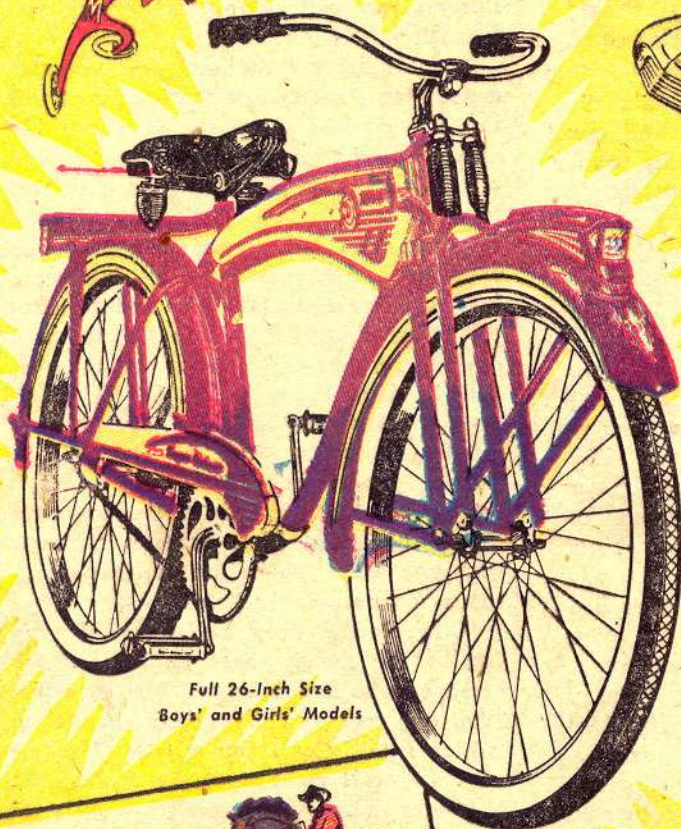




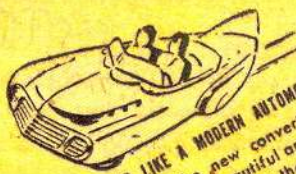




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STING of DEATH

“NOW REMEMBER,” JAVA Jack grated out, pressing the muzzle of his .45 harder against Pete Lindsay’s back, “if you try to trick us, if you don’t show us the exact location of that pearl bed you discovered, you end up as food for the sharks!”

Pete stared grimly ahead, guiding his small fishing schooner among the tiny Balabalakan Islands in the Strait of Macassar. “How can I forget it?” he said tonelessly. “You remind me of it often enough.”

From the back of the boat, the voice of Scud Voerkell, Java Jack’s partner, called out, “And don’t forget that you’ll be getting a third of all the pearls we fish out, Lindsay...so that your share will still be enough to let you retire in a few months.”

This time, Pete said nothing. He could well believe the gunmen’s threats, but he’d be a fool to believe their promises. He knew only too well what would happen as soon as they were sure he’d taken them to the right spot. A shot in the back, a splash in the water...and Pete Lindsay would be no more, while the gunmen would have the richest pearl bed in the Malacca Straits all to themselves.

Pete had discovered the bed quite by accident only two days ago, in an area that other pearl fishermen had somehow completely overlooked. But his big mistake had been to sell his complete haul...twenty thousand dollars worth...to just one dealer in Macassar, instead of spreading it among ten or twenty traders. Within an hour after the dealer had shelled out the twenty grand, he had spread the word all through town that Pete Lindsay had been out only two days...and had brought back a fabulous haul.

That, of course, could only mean one thing to the pearl-wise divers and harbor pirates alike...that Pete Lindsay knew the location of a nearby pearl bed worth a fortune. The divers had merely envied Pete’s luck...but two harbor pirates, Java Jack and Scud Voerkell, had acted.

They’d stolen aboard Pete’s boat during the night, pulled guns on him when he showed up in the morning...and ordered him to take them directly to the new pearl bed he’d discovered.

But Pete knew his only chance of remaining alive was to outwit the two gunmen in some way. And as he saw the white, floating, jelly-like blob about a hundred feet off the port side, he knew he’d found the way.

Cutting the engine, Pete let the boat drift to within fifty feet of the floating blob, and said, “This is the spot...the richest pearl bed in the ‘South Seas.’”

Eagerly, Scud stripped to the waist, saying, “You stay here and watch ‘im, Jack...while I dive down and see if he’s telling the truth. Wait...what’s that white thing floating off there?”

“That’s just a physalia jellyfish,” Pete said casually. “It’s also called the Portuguese man-of-war...but you don’t have to worry about it. Those things anchor themselves onto sub-surface coral rock...and since it’s fifty feet away, it can’t possibly reach you.”

The explanation seemed to satisfy Scud...for he dove in a moment later. Java Jack didn’t even watch his partner’s descent, for he warily kept his eye and gun on Pete. Two minutes later, Scud’s head bobbed to the surface, and his voice shouted angrily, “There’s no pearl bed down there! I couldn’t even touch bottom...YAAAGHH!”

Java Jack whirled at the sound of the piercing, soul-chilling shriek of agony that burst from Scud’s throat...and Pete saw his chance. Springing forward, his fist hammered home mightily against the side of Java Jack’s head...and the gunman toppled sideways, joining his partner in the water.

And as a second scream split the air, Pete grinned, “If you rats were real seamen like me, you’d know that the Portuguese man-of-war can extend its tentacles to a distance of fifty feet...and that its sting causes instant death!”

Pirate PARADISE

COCOS ISLAND, 450 MILES OFF THE COAST OF COSTA RICA, WAS AT ONE TIME A VERITABLE PIRATE PARADISE! THE THICK JUNGLES, ISOLATED MOUNTAINS AND NUMEROUS CAVES PROVIDED EXCELLENT HIDING PLACES-- AND SO MANY PIRATES ARE KNOWN TO HAVE BURIED THEIR LOOT THERE THAT TODAY, THE ISLAND IS THE MOST FAMOUS TREASURE SPOT IN THE WORLD!



THE SAGA OF THE ISLAND STARTS IN 1821, WHEN SIMON BOLIVAR, THE PERUVIAN LIBERATOR, BEGAN HIS FAMOUS MARCH AGAINST LIMA! IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SAVE THEIR VAST FORTUNES FROM THE REVOLUTIONISTS, THE WEALTHY PERUVIANS AND SPANIARDS HIRED A BRITISH CAPTAIN BY THE NAME OF THOMPSON TO CARRY THEIR FORTUNES TO SAFETY IN SPAIN!

THOMPSON'S SHIP, THE "MARY DEAR," SAILED WITH THE VAST TREASURE ABOARD.. BUT ONCE ON THE HIGH SEAS, THOMPSON AND HIS CREW TURNED PIRATE-- AND SLAUGHTERED THE SPANISH GUARD SENT TO PROTECT THE FORTUNE!

WE HAVE ENTRUSTED YOU WITH \$30,000,000, SEÑOR THOMPSON-- GUARD IT WITH YOUR LIFE!

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME, DOM PEDRO!



KILL 'EM ALL, ME HEARTIES -- AN' WE'LL ALL BE RICH!



FEARFUL OF BEING ATTACKED BY ROVING MEN-OF-WAR, THOMPSON SAILED FAR OFF THE USUAL SEA-LANES-- UNTIL HE CAME TO COCOS ISLAND!

BUT AFTER THE TREASURE WAS BURIED, THE "MARY DEAR" WAS CAPTURED BY A SPANISH FRIGATE-- AND ALL THE PIRATES WERE HUNG EXCEPT THOMPSON AND HIS FIRST MATE!

AH, THERE'S THE PLACE TO BURY OUR LOOT! I WAS MAROONED HERE ONCE, AND I KNOW THAT A LARGE PART OF THE SHORE IS COVERED AT HIGH TIDE. SO IF WE BURY THE FORTUNE AT LOW TIDE, THE SEA'LL HELP HIDE IT!



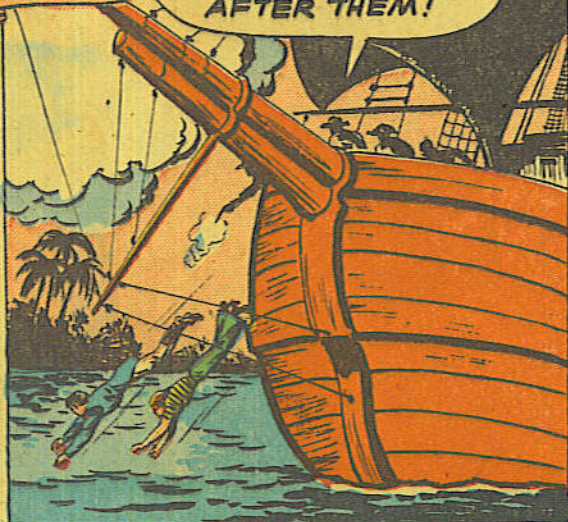
POR DIOS-- IF YOU DO NOT TELL US WHERE YOU HAD THE PERUVIAN TREASURE, I WILL SLIT YOUR GIZZARD!

SPARE US-- I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE SPOT ON COCOS ISLAND WHERE I HAD THE LOOT BURIED!



BUT OFF
COCOS
ISLAND..

CARRAMBA--THEY ESCAPE!
LOWER THE BOATS--
AFTER THEM!



AFTER LANDING, THE SPANIARDS SEARCHED FOR
THE ENGLISHMEN AND THE TREASURE -- BUT
FOUND NEITHER! AND IN THE SAME DENSE JUNGLES--

HA-- NOW I'M THE ONLY ONE ALIVE
WHO KNOWS THE LOCATION OF
THE TREASURE!

YAAGH!



BUT THOMPSON FORGOT THAT HE COULDN'T HOPE TO CARRY OFF
THE HUGE FORTUNE BY HIMSELF! HE ESCAPED FROM THE
ISLAND TO NOVA SCOTIA, WHERE HE HOPED TO FIND A CREW
AND SHIP FOR HIS RETURN-- BUT HE DIED BEFORE HE
GOT BACK TO COCOS ISLAND! MEANWHILE, OTHER
PIRATES HAD HEARD THAT THE ISLAND WAS AN
EXCELLENT HIDING PLACE-- AND ONE OF THEM WAS
BENITO BONITO, THE FABULOUS SPANISH PRIVATEER...

AH, COCOS ISLAND-- ZE PLACE ZAT HID
THOMPSON'S GOLD SO WELL ZAT ZE
SPANIARDS COULD NOT FIND IT-- ZAT
IS WHERE I WILL BURY MY
\$25,000,000 IN GOLD!

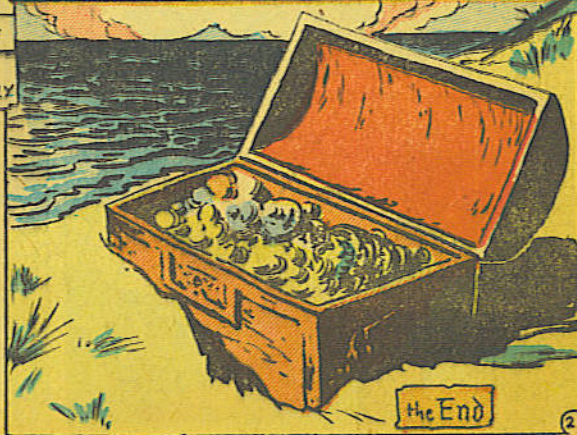


IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, COUNTLESS OTHER
PRIVATEERS AND BUCCANEERS BURIED THEIR CAP-
TURED TREASURES ON COCOS ISLAND--AND AMONG
THEM WERE THREE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL--
EDWARD DAVIS, CAPTAIN JOHN COOK, AND SIR
FRANCIS DRAKE!



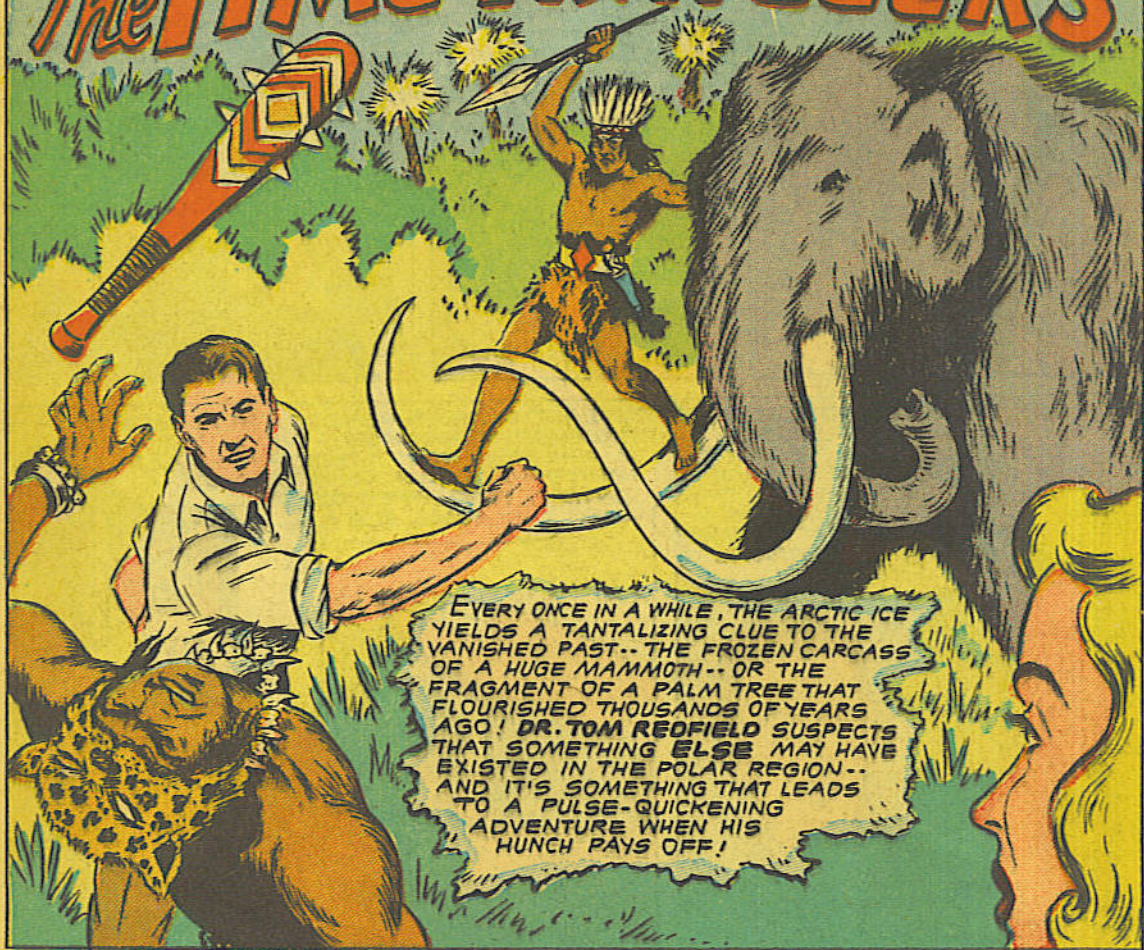
YES, COCOS ISLAND STILL HIDES ITS FABULOUS
TREASURES -- WHICH STILL LIE THERE FOR THE
LUCKY, ADVENTUROUS FORTUNE HUNTERS WHO
WILL SOME DAY STUMBLE UPON THEM!

DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS, HUNDREDS OF SHIPS HAVE
SAILED FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE WORLD FOR
COCOS IN SEARCH OF BURIED PIRATE TREASURE--
BUT SO FAR, ONLY A FEW GOLD COINS, SOME GRISLY
SKELETONS, AND SOME RUSTY ARMOR HAVE
BEEN FOUND!



the End

The TIME TRAVELERS



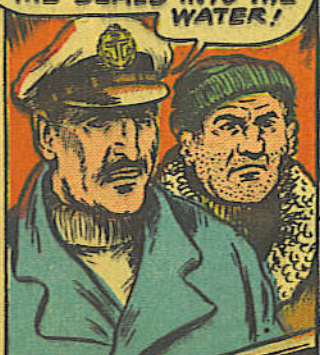
FAR NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE--

THERE'S A HERD OF FUR SEALS NEAR THE TOP OF THAT ICEBERG, HARPOON-- BUT RIFLE FIRE WON'T REACH 'EM BEHIND THAT JAGGED RIM!

THERE'S NO TIME TO CLIMB UP AFTER 'EM-- NO TELLING WHEN A COAST GUARD CUTTER WILL COME NOSING AROUND-- AND RUN US IN FOR ILLEGAL HUNTING! WE'LL SET A DYNAMITE CHARGE, MACK-- AND BLAST THE SEALS INTO THE WATER!

BOOM!

THAT CHARGE WAS PLACED TOO LOW-- BUT IT GOT SOME OF 'EM! GRAB YOUR GAFFS!



BLAZES.. I MISSED A BIG ONE!

WAIT UP! ONE OF THOSE CHUNKS BLOWN FROM THE ICEBERG HAS SOMETHING INSIDE.. GET YOUR HOOK INTO IT!

HOLY MACKEREL.. IT'S A BRACELET, HARPOON.. AND SOLID GOLD!

SEALING'S JUST A WASTE OF TIME-- WITH STUFF LIKE THIS KICKING AROUND! MAYBE THERE'S A CHANCE TO FIND MORE OF IT, MACK-- IF WE LOOK UP THAT SCIENTIST CHARACTER I JUST READ ABOUT!

WEEKS LATER.. IN DR. TOM REDFIELD'S SPACESHIP LABORATORY..

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HARPOON AND MACK I DON'T TRUST, TOM-- BUT I'M EXCITED BY THAT BRACELET THEY BROUGHT YOU TO EXAMINE!

BABY, YOU SHOULD BE-- BECAUSE I'M PRETTY SURE IT WAS MADE BY THE ANCESTORS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS!



INDIANS! BUT WHAT WOULD THEY BE DOING UP AT THE NORTH POLE?

THE POLE WASN'T ALWAYS FROZEN OVER, PEGGY! IT HAS GONE THROUGH SEVERAL CYCLES--EACH LASTING THOUSANDS OF YEARS-- IN WHICH THE ENTIRE ARCTIC REGION HAD A SUBTROPICAL CLIMATE!

THE LAST OF THOSE PERIODS WAS ABOUT SIX THOUSAND YEARS AGO-- AND I HAVE A HUNCH IT WAS THEN THAT THE INDIANS HAD AN IMPRESSIVE CIVILIZATION IN THE ARCTIC-- UNTIL IT WAS WIPED OUT BY GLACIAL ICE!

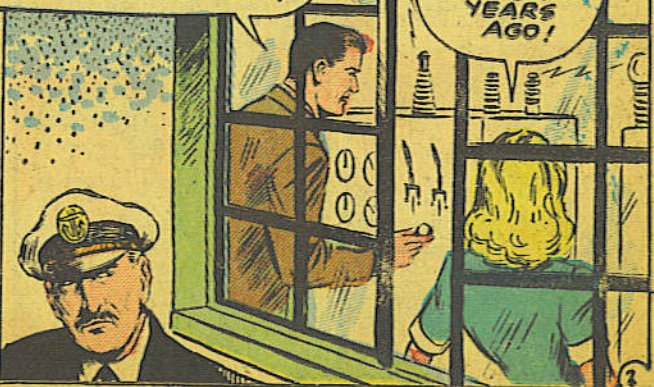


BUT THE EARLY INDIANS WERE WANDERERS, TOM! A SINGLE GOLD BRACELET DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING!

DON'T FORGET THE AZTECS AND MAYA ROSE FROM BARBARISM TO EMPIRES IN LESS THAN A CENTURY! THAT SHOWS THEY HAD THE TRADITION OF AN EARLIER CIVILIZATION, PEGGY-- AND I'M BETTING THIS IS IT!

WHAT'S MORE.. NO ONE'S EVER LEARNED WHERE THE MODERN TRIBES GOT THEIR JADE AND OTHER PRECIOUS GEMS! MY GUESS IS THAT THEIR ANCESTORS MINED THE STUFF-- IN A REGION THAT'S NOW COVERED BY ICE A THOUSAND FEET DEEP!

IT SOUNDS TERRIFIC, TOM! SET THE CONTROLS-- AND LET'S SEE WHAT THE NORTH POLE WAS LIKE SIX THOUSAND YEARS AGO!



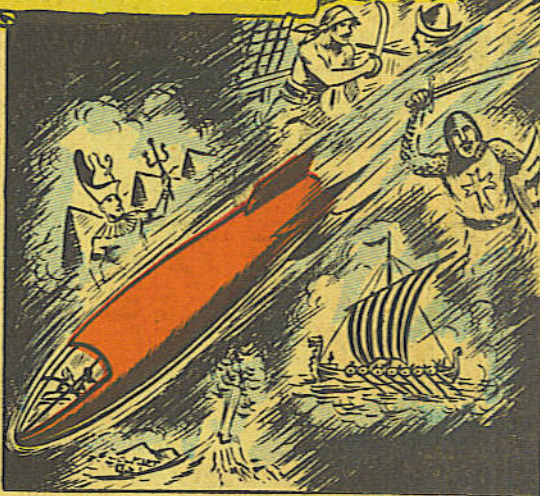
MINUTES LATER..

YOU GUESSED RIGHT, HARPOON.. BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE GETTING INTO THIS DEAL!

WHOOSH!

SURE.. BUT WE'RE DOING IT THE **SMART** WAY! WE'LL LET THEM TAKE THE RISKS OF THE **FIRST VOYAGE**.. AND MEANWHILE SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND IN DR. REDFIELD'S LABORATORY!

WITH THE CENTURIES UNFOLDING BEHIND IT.. THE SPACESHIP STREAKS ACROSS THE THRESHOLD OF TIME..



THEN.. ON THE GOLDEN RAMPARTS OF NAWATA..

GOLIMA.. BEHOLD! IT IS THE COMET OF DOOM PREDICTED IN OUR ANCIENT LEGENDS!

YOUR REIGN IS ENDED, PRINCESS.. WHEN DEATH FROM THE SKY STRIKES NAWATA.. CONTROL OF THE EMPIRE PASSES TO KORMAC.. THE WAR CHIEF!

WAIT.. THE COMET IS LANDING HARMLESSLY IN THE JUNGLE! SEND OUT MY GUARD.. LET THEM LEARN WHAT IT IS!



SOON AFTERWARD..

IT CERTAINLY IS TROPICAL, TOM.. BUT I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THERE ARE INDIANS HERE!

NOTHING LIKE BEING CONVINCED, HONEY! THERE ARE TWO OF 'EM NOW.. CLIMBING ABOARD THE SPACESHIP!

HATE TO GET ROUGH, FELLA.. BUT THE SPACESHIP'S NOTHING TO FOOL AROUND WITH!

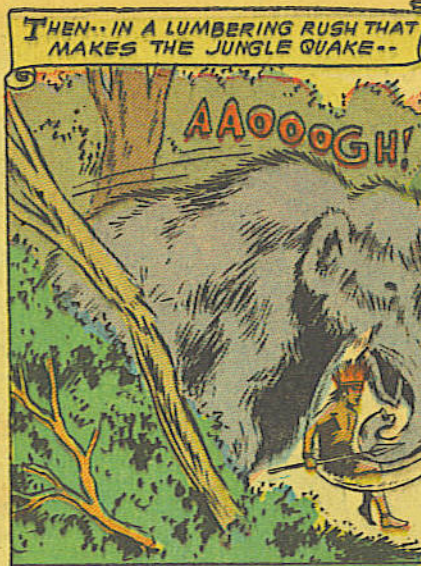




AND FOR THAT MATTER--
NEITHER IS A SPEAR!

POW!

AAOOOOGH!



THEN-- IN A LUMBERING RUSH THAT
MAKES THE JUNGLE SHAKE--

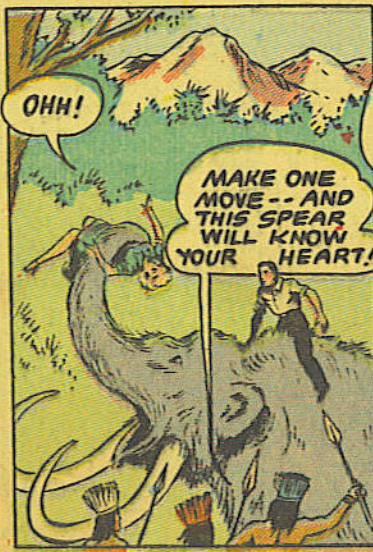
AAOOOOGH!

GOOD
HEAVENS--
IT'S A
HAIRY
MAMMOTH,
TOM--
WATCH
OUT!



BEFORE TOM CAN MOVE--

OYE GODS-- IT'S
SWEEPING ME
ONTO ITS
BACK!



OHH!

MAKE ONE
MOVE-- AND
THIS SPEAR
WILL KNOW
YOUR HEART!



SOON AFTERWARD--

IT'S FAR MORE
SPLENDID THAN I
EVER DREAMED IT
WOULD BE, TOM--
BUT I DIDN'T
THINK WE'D
WIND UP AS
CAPTIVES!

DON'T WORRY,
PEGGY-- THIS
SCRAP WAS
PARTLY MY
FAULT-- BUT
I'M SURE I
CAN SQUARE
THINGS UP!



MINUTES LATER-- IN THE GEM-STUDDED
THRONE ROOM OF NAWATA--

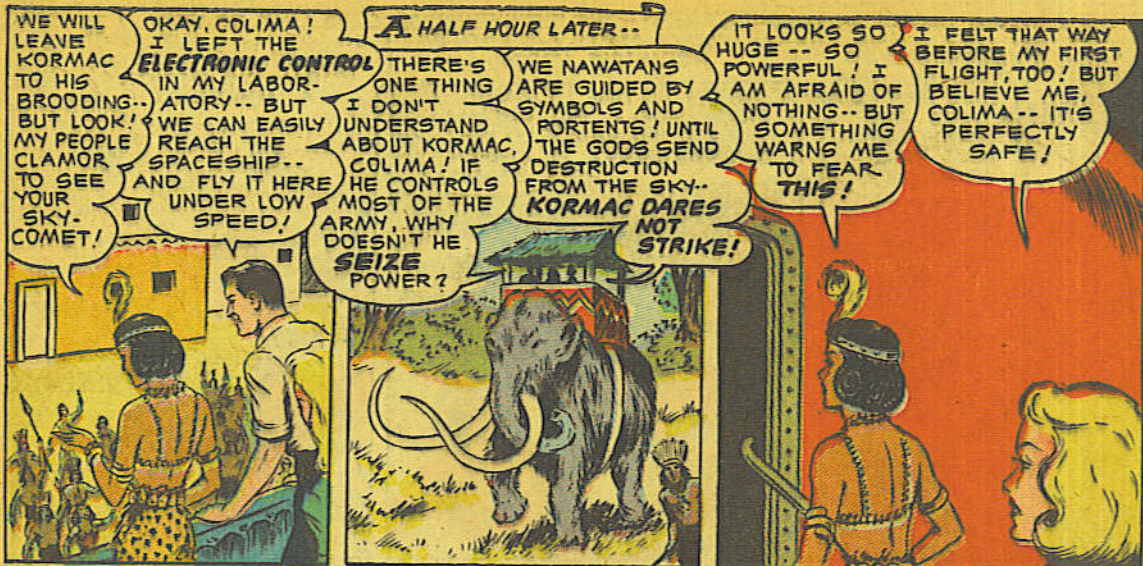
WE'RE VOYAGERS
FROM THE
FUTURE--
ON A FRIENDLY
VISIT! WE'VE
COME ALONE
AND UNARMED--
AND THAT
SHOULD
PROVE YOU
CAN TRUST
US!

I BELIEVE YOU-- SINCE YOUR HUGE SKY-
COMET HAS NOT HARMED US! I AM COLIMA,
PRINCESS OF NAWATA--
AND THIS IS KORMAC--
FOREMOST OF THE
WAR CHIEFS!

YOU THOUGHT THIS
MEANT YOUR RISE
TO POWER--
KORMAC--
BUT YOU
AND YOUR
STRUTTING
OFFICERS
HAVE NOT
GAINED CONTROL
OF NAWATA
YET!

YOU MOCK ME, COLIMA--
BUT WAIT UNTIL DISASTER
STREAKS FROM THE SKY--
AS IT IS FATED TO DO--
THEN I WILL BE ENTHRONED--
AND DECREE DEATH
FOR YOU AND YOUR
GUARDS!





SOON AFTERWARD-- AS THE SPACESHIP LANDS BELOW THE TREASURE CITY--



AT THAT MOMENT-- IN THE SPACESHIP LABORATORY--



SECONDS LATER--

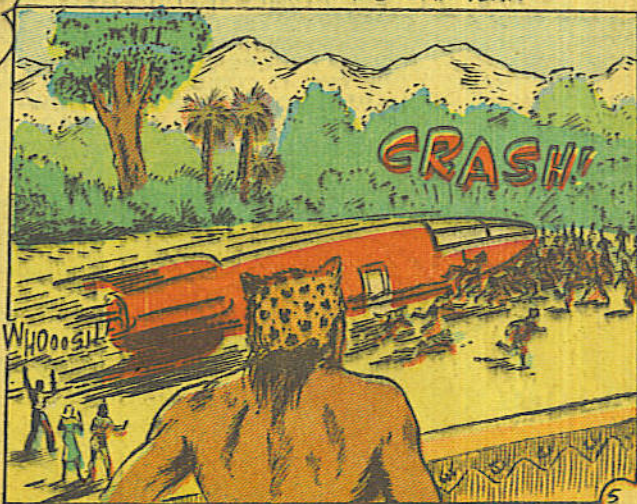
RRRRRRRRRR!

THE JET STARTER! I'M SURE I SWITCHED THE POWER OFF-- BUT THE SPACE-SHIP'S READY TO TAKE OFF!

TOM-- WHAT'S THAT THROB-BING NOISE?



TOM SHOUTS A WARNING-- BUT BEFORE THE CLOSE-PACKED NAWATANS CAN TURN--



AS THE SPACESHIP WHIZZES SKYWARD--

BRAVELY--THE OUTNUMBERED
GUARD MEETS THE RUSH OF
KORMAC'S HORDE--

DEATH
FROM
THE SKY,
KORMAC!
THE
GODS
HAVE
SPOKEN!

WARRIORS OF
NAWATA-- OUR
TIME HAS COME!
KILL THE
PRINCESS--
KILL HER
GUARDS!

DEATH TO THE
PRINCESS--
DEATH TO HER
UNDERLINGS!

SAVE
COLIMA--
I WILL
CHECK
THEM!

AGHN!

I'D LIKE TO STAY
NEUTRAL -- BUT
SOMETHING TELLS ME
KORMAC'S STRICTLY
A MEATBALL!

POW!



THEN--WITH THE REMNANT OF THE ROYAL GUARD--

THIS ESCAPE
MEANS ONLY A
SHORT REPRIEVE!
WHEN KORMAC'S
LEGIONS TRACK
US DOWN--
WE WILL BE
OVERWHELMED!

I HATE TO THINK THAT THE
SPACESHIP'S THE CAUSE
OF YOUR DOWNFALL,
COLIMA! THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY IT COULD HAVE
HAPPENED-- SOME-
ONE'S GOT HOLD OF
THE ELECTRONIC
CONTROL!

SUDDENLY...

TOM! THERE'S
THE SPACESHIP
NOW-- HEADING
BACK TOWARD
NAWATA!

YEP-- AND IT'S HAD JUST
ENOUGH TIME TO RETURN
TO THE PRESENT FOR
PASSENGERS!
ONE THING'S CERTAIN--
ONLY HARPOON AND
MACK WOULD BE
INTERESTED IN
COMING HERE!



THAT NIGHT--

WHY MUST YOU RETURN TO NAWATA ALONE? WHAT GOOD CAN IT POSSIBLY DO-- WHEN KORMAC CONTROLS THE CITY?

I CAN'T LET THE SPACESHIP COST YOU YOUR THRONE, COLIMA!-- NOT AFTER HAVING TOLD YOU IT WAS SAFE! THE SPACESHIP'S OUR ONLY HOPE AGAINST KORMAC'S ARMY-- AND THAT MEANS I'VE GOT TO RECOVER THE ELECTRONIC CONTROL!



AN HOUR LATER-- IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERING WALLS--

I THOUGHT THEY'D HAVE THE SPACESHIP UNDER HEAVY GUARD! BUT THAT'LL BE NO PROBLEM-- IF I CAN ESCAPE DETECTION UNTIL I FIND HARPOON!



THEN--

YES-- YOU COULD USE THE SKY-COMET TO WIPE OUT COLIMA AND HER GUARDS IN A SINGLE STROKE-- BUT AT WHAT PRICE?

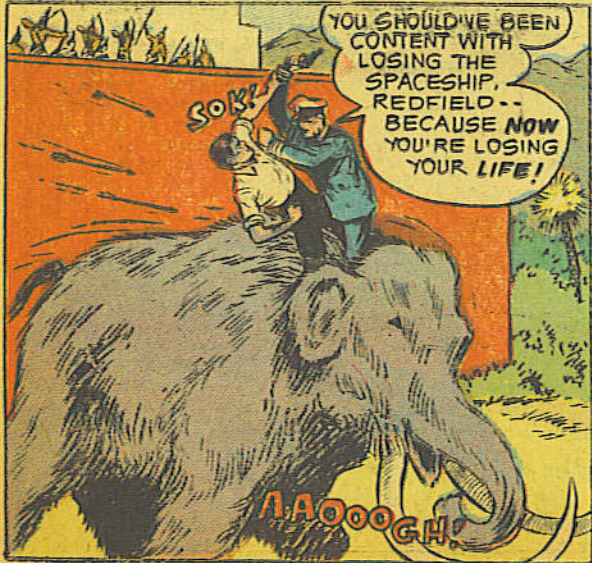
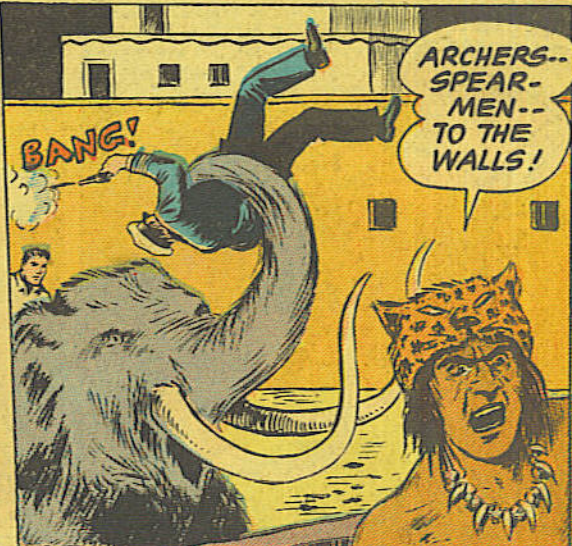
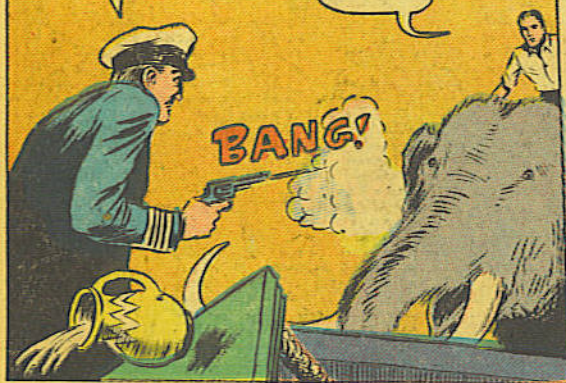
I'LL BE GENEROUS, KORMAC-- CONSIDERING YOU'RE GETTING AN EMPIRE! GIVE US HALF THE GOLD AND JEWELS IN NAWATA-- AND IT'S A DEAL!



SUDDENLY--

GREAT HORN SPOON-- DR. REDFIELD!

GUNNING FOR A MAMMOTH WITH A .38 ISN'T SUCH A HOT IDEA, HARPOON! GET HIM, BOY!



YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN CONTENT WITH LOSING THE SPACESHIP, REDFIELD-- BECAUSE NOW YOU'RE LOSING YOUR LIFE!



I NEVER WAS A GOOD LOSER ABOUT SOME THINGS, RAT!



THAT GOT HARPOON-- AND I'VE GOT THE ELECTRONIC CONTROL HE DROPPED!

MINUTES LATER-- AS KORMAC'S FORCES ENTER THE JUNGLE A THOUSAND STRONG--

WE'RE SURE TO GET BACK THE ELECTRONIC CONTROL WHEN WE KILL 'EM OFF, KORMAC! AND NOW THAT HARPOON'S GONE, I'M THE ONE TO MAKE A DEAL-- HALF YOUR WEALTH-- FOR A HALF INTEREST IN MY SPACE-SHIP!

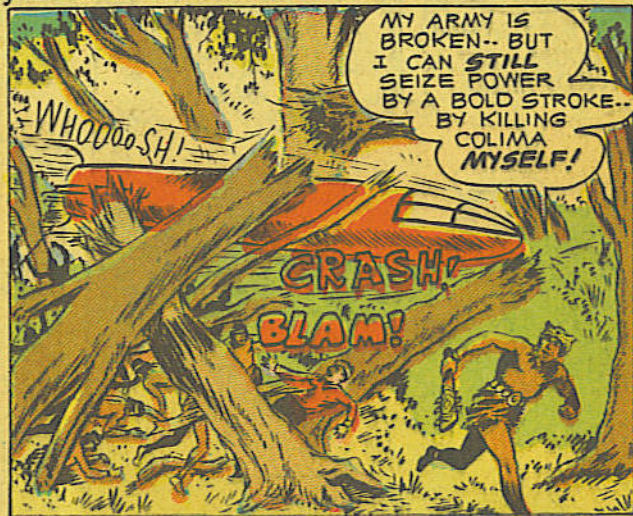
WORDS CAN WAIT-- I WANT BLOOD-- THE BLOOD OF COLIMA-- AND HER FRIENDS!



ON A NEARBY BLUFF--

KORMAC'S READY FOR A MASSACRE-- BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THE SPACESHIP CAN DO-- MOVING AT LOW ALTITUDE THROUGH JUNGLE LIKE THAT!

THEN-- CLEAVING FORWARD LIKE AN IMMENSE SCYTHE--



MY ARMY IS BROKEN-- BUT I CAN STILL SEIZE POWER BY A BOLD STROKE-- BY KILLING COLIMA MYSELF!

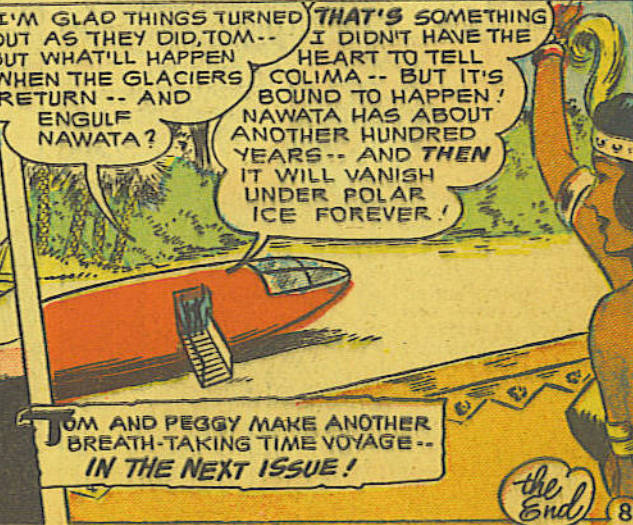
AS KORMAC TURNS--

KORMAC, WHEN AN ARMY LEADER GETS TOO BIG FOR HIS BRITCHES-- HERE'S AN IDEA OF WHAT HAPPENS!

LATER-- AS NAWATA ECHOES WITH A WILD CELEBRATION--

I'M GLAD THINGS TURNED OUT AS THEY DID, TOM-- BUT WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN THE GLACIERS RETURN-- AND ENGULF NAWATA?

THAT'S SOMETHING I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO TELL COLIMA-- BUT IT'S BOUND TO HAPPEN! NAWATA HAS ABOUT ANOTHER HUNDRED YEARS-- AND THEN IT WILL VANISH UNDER POLAR ICE FOREVER!



TOM AND PEGGY MAKE ANOTHER BREATH-TAKING TIME VOYAGE-- IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

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PERILOUS PATROL

CAPTAIN COLBY STUDIED the faces of the eager, boyish G. I.'s who were seated around him in a semi-circle on the hard clay ground of the Carolina training camp. They were all so young, the captain thought, so inexperienced...a far cry from the hardened, battle-wise troops he'd been with in Korea just a short time ago. And now it was his job to impart some of his grim, combat-won wisdom to these cocky 18 and 19-year olds who thought they knew it all because they had heard bullets whining overhead in the camp's infiltration course.

And it wasn't easy to teach them to fight with their wits as well as their weapons...until they finally realized that they would never come out alive from combat unless they out-thought as well as outfought the enemy.

"Private Wilkins," the captain said crisply, "get that helmet on your head. You've got to learn to live with that steel pot...and love it...because it might save your life in many ways besides deflecting bullets. For example, you might get sent out on night patrol one day the way two corporals were in Korea not so long ago...and the same thing might happen to you that happened to them!"

"The patrol had orders to penetrate the enemy lines and learn the location of a vitally important supply dump. The two men found out where the dump was, all right...but dawn caught them still half a mile from the U. N. lines. They held a whispered conference about the best way of getting back alive with the information...and the conference turned into a heated argument. Corporal Joe was a cocky, know-it-all kid, who thought he could whip the whole Red army single-handedly...he wanted to steal a North Korean jeep and make a wild dash right through the enemy lines.

"Oh, he was brave, all right...but dumb! And when Corporal Tom refused to agree to the plan, Joe went off alone, contemptuous of what he thought was Tom's cowardice.

"Tom started creeping forward through

the brush, listening to the sporadic shooting going on here and there...and then he suddenly stumbled over the body of a dead G. I. There was blood all over the man's jacket and face...and the front of his helmet had a jagged hole where a large shrapnel fragment had cut through. Instantly, Tom's wits told him what he would have to do.

"It was a matter of a few moments to change helmets and jackets with the dead G. I. Then Tom used his bayonet to open a gash on his cheek so that he could wipe the blood all over his face. Thus prepared, Tom began stealing forward again. When he heard troops marching his way, Tom promptly toppled to the ground and played dead...but still kept his tommy gun within reach just in case his ruse didn't work.

"But time after time, Red troops would pass by, look at the jagged hole in the helmet and the blood on Tom's open-mouthed face...and laughingly pass on. If not for the hole in the helmet, quite a few of them would have stuck an exploratory bayonet into Tom's body just to make sure he wasn't playing possum...but it was obvious to even the stupidest Red that no one could be living with a jagged shrapnel fragment buried deep in his brain.

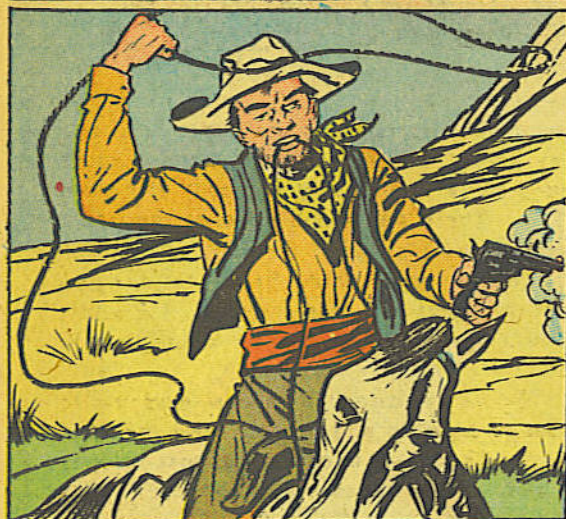
"Occasionally, of course, a lone Red trooper would come by and suddenly get a yen for Tom's combat boots or his tommy gun...and then Tom would let him have it...a tommy gun burst right through the heart.

"It was a slow, perilous way of getting back...and it required more cold nerve and courage than Joe's wild and reckless ride. But Tom made it back with the vital information...while Joe stopped a couple of enemy slugs before he had gone a hundred yards in the stolen jeep."

There was a moment's silence while the youths around Captain Colby seemed to be digesting his story. And then Private Wilkins patted the helmet atop his head and said musingly, "Wal, I sure see now that the only way to keep my head in combat is not to lose it!"

WYOMING IN 1886 WAS TERRORIZED BY ONE OF THE BOLDEST OUTLAWS EVER TO HIT THE POWDERSMOKE TRAIL-- **NATHAN CHAMPION**-- OTHERWISE KNOWN AS...

CHAMPION of the RUSTLERS



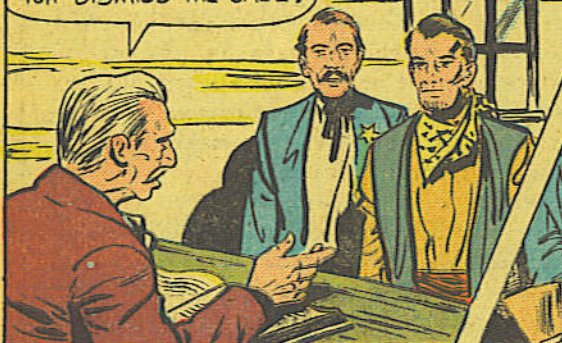
CHAMPION'S GANGMEN WORE COLORFUL RED SASHES AROUND THEIR WAISTS-- AND THE RED SASH GANG SOON CONTROLLED ALL NORTHERN WYOMING, FIXING THEIR OWN ROUNDUP DATE A MONTH EARLIER THAN THE LEGITIMATE TIME, AND RUSTLING ALL THE UNBRANDED MAVERICKS!



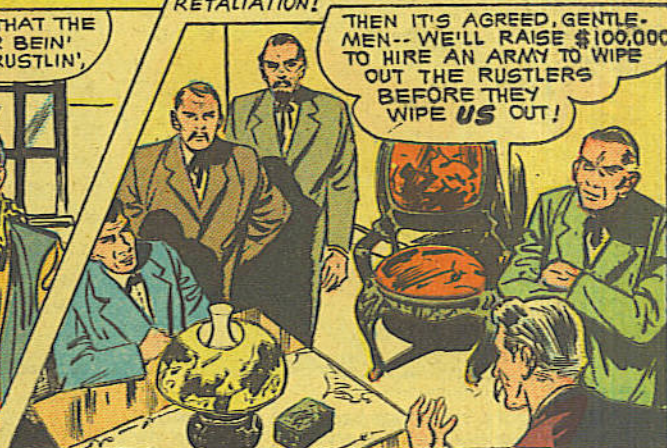
IN ADDITION TO HIRING OUTLAWS, THE CHAMPION RUSTLER BRIBED LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS SUCH AS RED ANGUS, SHERIFF OF JOHNSON COUNTY! AND NO JUDGE EVER DARED CONVICT CHAMPION ON RUSTLING CHARGES!

RUSTLING LOSSES BECAME SO GREAT BY THE WINTER OF 1892, THAT THE CATTLE BARONS OF WYOMING, UTAH, AND COLORADO MET SECRETLY IN A CHEYENNE HOTEL ROOM TO LAY PLANS FOR RETALIATION!

WAL, SINCE SHERIFF ANGUS TESTIFIES THAT THE DEFENDANT WAS IN HIS HOOSEGOW FER BEIN' DRUNK AT THE TIME O' THE ALLEGED RUSTLIN', I AIN'T GOT NO CHOICE BUT TUH DISMISS THE CASE!



THEN IT'S AGREED, GENTLEMEN-- WE'LL RAISE \$100,000 TO HIRE AN ARMY TO WIPE OUT THE RUSTLERS BEFORE THEY WIPE US OUT!



THE STOCKMEN'S RECRUITING PARTIES BEGAN TO TRAVEL THROUGHOUT THE WEST, HIRING GUNFIGHTERS FOR \$5 A DAY-- AND ON APRIL 2ND, 1892, A SPECIAL TRAIN CARRYING THE NEW ARMY ROLLED INTO CASPER, WYOMING-- THE NEAREST RAILHEAD TO CHAMPION'S K.C. RANCH!



AT DAWN ON APRIL 9TH, CHAMPION'S RANCH WAS COMPLETELY SURROUNDED-- AND ORDERS WERE WHISPERED FROM MAN TO MAN!

HOLD YORE FIRE UNTIL THEY COME OUTA THE HOUSE FER WATER!-- THEN BLAST 'EM DOWN!



THE FIRST MAN TO EMERGE FROM THE RANCH-HOUSE ON THAT FATEFUL MORNING WAS NICK RAE, CHAMPION'S SECOND-IN-COMMAND-- AND HE WAS INSTANTLY GREETED BY A WITHERING HAIL OF LEAD!



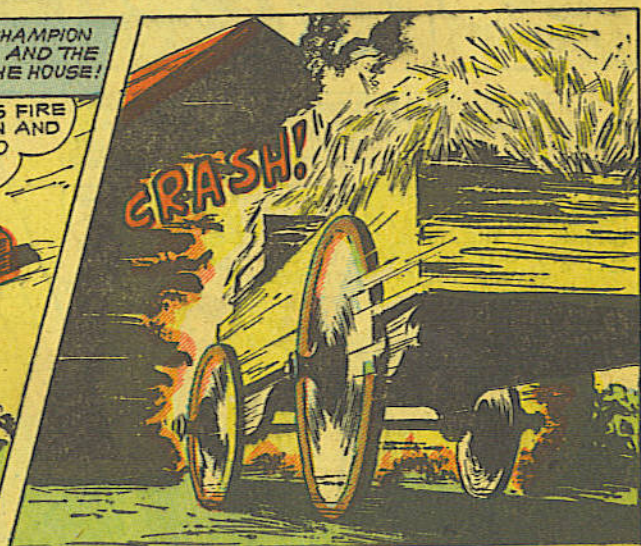
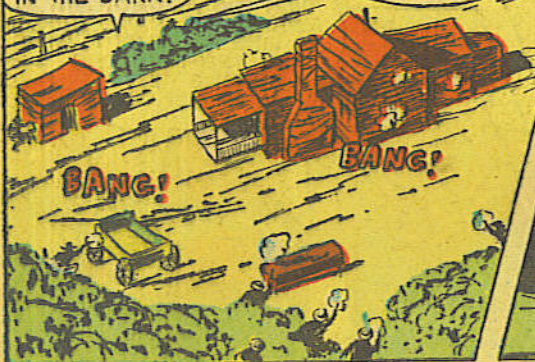
WITH SIXGUN BLAZING, CHAMPION RUSHED OUT TO DRAG HIS DYING PARTNER BACK INTO THE HOUSE!



ALL THAT DAY THE FIRING CONTINUED, WITH CHAMPION AND HIS MEN UNABLE TO MAKE A BREAK-- AND THE POSSE MEMBERS NOT DARING TO RUSH THE HOUSE!

IT'S ALMOST SUNSET-- WE'LL HAVE TUH DO SOMETHIN'! TUH PREVENT THEM YARMINTS FROM ESCAPIN' IN THE DARK!

YEAH-- LET'S FIRE UP A WAGON AND DRIVE IT INTO THE HOUSE!



WITHIN MOMENTS, THE HOUSE BECAME A ROARING INFERNO-- BUT ALMOST UNBELIEVABLY, CHAMPION WAS SEEN TO LEAP THROUGH THE WALL OF FLAMES, HIS SIXGUNS BLAZING AWAY!

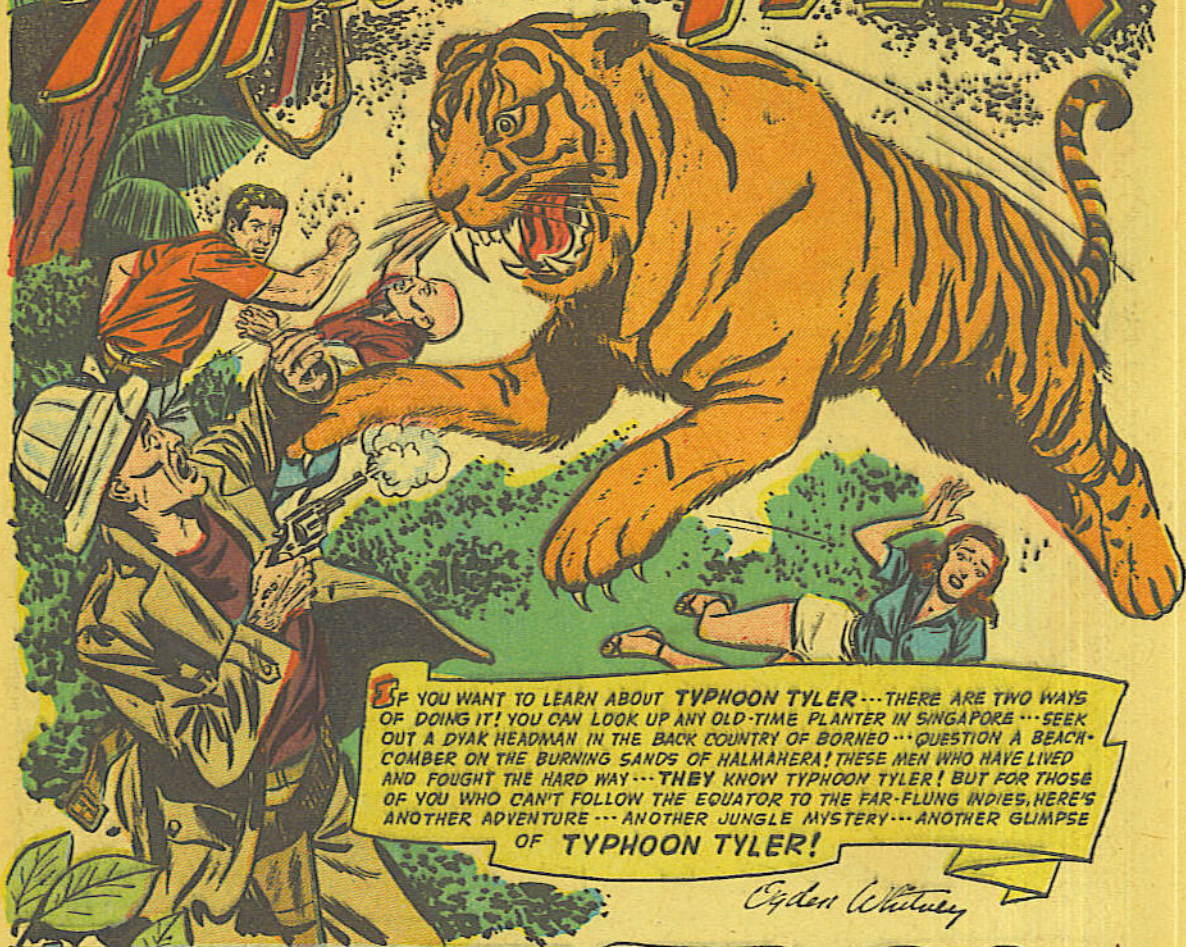
BUT CHAMPION'S BURNING CLOTHES MADE AN EXCELLENT TARGET-- AND THE POSSE'S RIFLES SOON FOUND THEIR MARK!



THE CHAMPION OF RUSTLERS FELL DEAD, WITH 28 BULLET HOLES IN HIM-- AND HIS BODY WAS LEFT THERE AS MUTE WARNING TO ALL THOSE WHO DARED TO DEFEY THE LAW!



THE END



Cyden Whitney

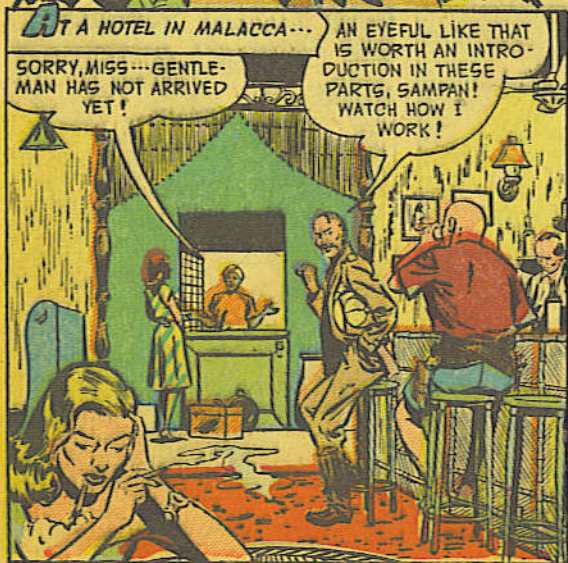
AT A HOTEL IN MALACCA...

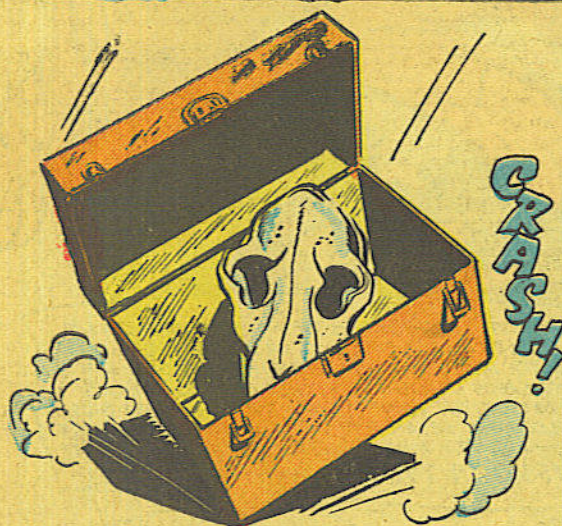
SORRY, MISS---GENTLE-
MAN HAS NOT ARRIVED
YET!

AN EYEFUL LIKE THAT
IS WORTH AN INTRO-
DUCTION IN THESE
PARTS, SAMPAN!
WATCH HOW I
WORK!

McVANE'S THE NAME
---TEAK McVANE! NO
USE WAITING FOR ANY-
ONE ELSE, SWEET-
HEART... WHEN
I'M HERE!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH... BUT I'M AFRAID **YOU** CAN'T HELP ME!





SORRY I WAS LATE, MISS ROBBINS... BUT I GUESS **NOW** WE CAN GET ON TO IMPORTANT THINGS! TO BEGIN WITH... WHAT'S **THIS**?

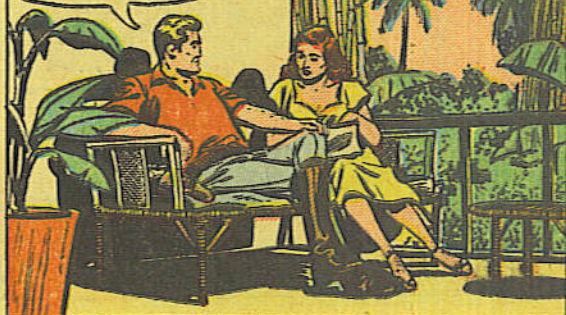
THAT'S WHAT BROUGHT ME TO MALAYA... BUT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED... WE'D BETTER TALK IT OVER IN PRIVATE!



MINUTES LATER...

ACCORDING TO YOUR LETTER... YOUR GRANDFATHER WAS A TRADER IN SINGAPORE FIFTY YEARS AGO... AND BOUGHT SOMETHING EXTREMELY VALUABLE FROM THE NATIVES! RIGHT?

YES... THAT TIGER SKULL! THE JUNGLE PEOPLE WERE VERY RELUCTANT TO PART WITH IT... BUT THEY FINALLY SOLD IT TO GRANDFATHER FOR MUCH MORE THAN A **LIVE** TIGER WOULD COST!



I'M GLAD HE WENT THROUGH WITH THE DEAL... BECAUSE NOW THAT I'M A PROFESSIONAL ZOOLOGIST, I REALIZE IT'S THE SKULL OF AN ANIMAL THAT'S BEEN EXTINCT SINCE THE STONE AGE... A **SABER-TOOTHED TIGER**! NOW I'M INTERESTED IN FINDING A FEW **COMPLETE** SKELETONS... BECAUSE THEY'LL BE WORTH AT LEAST \$25,000 EACH TO ANY MUSEUM!



AT THAT MOMENT... IN THE TANGLED GARDEN BELOW...

I'D PUT A BULLET IN TYLER, SO HELP ME... BUT WHEN HE TRAVELS FIVE HUNDRED MILES FROM THE CORAL SEA... **THE REASON WILL BE WORTH HEARING ABOUT!** LET'S LOOK FOR HIM ON THE TERRACE, SAMPAN!

WAIT! THERE THEY ARE... **LISTEN!**



GRANDFATHER QUESTIONED THE NATIVES... AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA IT'LL MEAN A **FORTUNE** TO REACH THIS MOUNTAIN... FIFTY MILES INLAND FROM MALACCA!

I'VE FLOWN OVER THE SPOT! IT'S KNOWN AS **OPHIR PEAK**... BUT I NEVER SUSPECTED IT WOULD YIELD A SIZABLE HAUL... BURIED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS!

YOU HEAR THAT, SAMPAN? **OPHIR** IS WHERE ALL THE **ANCIENT TREASURE** USED TO COME FROM... IT'S EVEN MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE... AND TYPHOON'S READY TO GO THERE WITH THIS GIRL! SURE, IT'LL BE WORTH A FORTUNE... TO **US**!



GOOD! BUT I WONDER WHAT THAT BIG TIGER SKULL'S GOT TO DO WITH GEMS AND GOLD, McVANE!

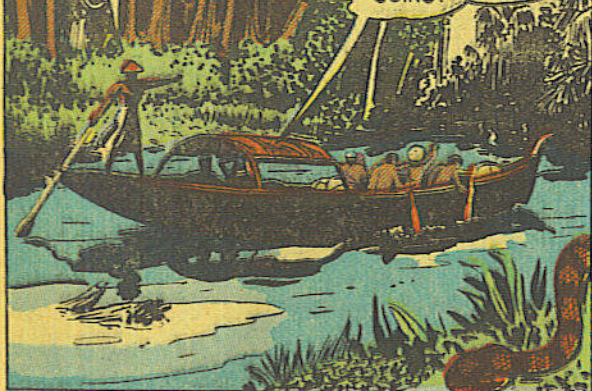
IT MUST TIE IN SOMEWHERE... AND IF WE STICK CLOSE ENOUGH TO THOSE TWO IN THE JUNGLE... **MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT!**



NEXT DAY...AT THE HEADWATERS OF A SMALL RIVER...

**KULI POTONG,
TUAN...MUN
TOTU!**

I DON'T SEE A MOUNTAIN
ANYWHERE AROUND **HERE**.
TYPHOON! CERTAINLY **THIS**
CAN'T BE AS FAR AS WE'RE
GOING!



IT'S AS FAR AS THE **BOATMEN** ARE
GOING, PAMELA...THEY'RE SCARED
STIFF OF THE WILD TRIBE HOLDING
THE JUNGLE BETWEEN HERE AND
OPHIR! THE TWENTY-MILE TREK
WON'T BE TOO RUGGED...BUT
IT'LL MEAN LEAVING OUR
SUPPLIES BEHIND!



I DON'T MIND LIVING OFF
THE JUNGLE, TYPHOON...
BUT DO YOU THINK THE
TIGER SKULL WILL BE
SAFE?

SURE! THERE ISN'T
ONE CHANCE IN A
THOUSAND THAT
ANYONE'LL PASS
THIS WAY BEFORE
WE GET BACK!



As TYPHOON AND PAMELA HEAD INTO THE SULTRY
WILDERNESS...

IT'S A LOT BIGGER THAN
ANY TIGER SKULL I EVER
SAW, McVANE...BUT I
CAN'T SEE WHY **WE'VE**
GOT TO CARRY IT
THROUGH TWENTY
MILES OF BUSH!

WHY'D THAT GIRL BRING IT
CLEAR TO MALACCA...
UNLESS IT HAS **SOME**
CONNECTION WITH THE
TREASURE OF OPHIR?
I WANT THIS THING AROUND
WHEN SHE STARTS EXPLAIN-
ING...**AFTER WE'VE
PUMPED LEAD INTO
TYPHOON TYLER!**



NEXT MORNING...

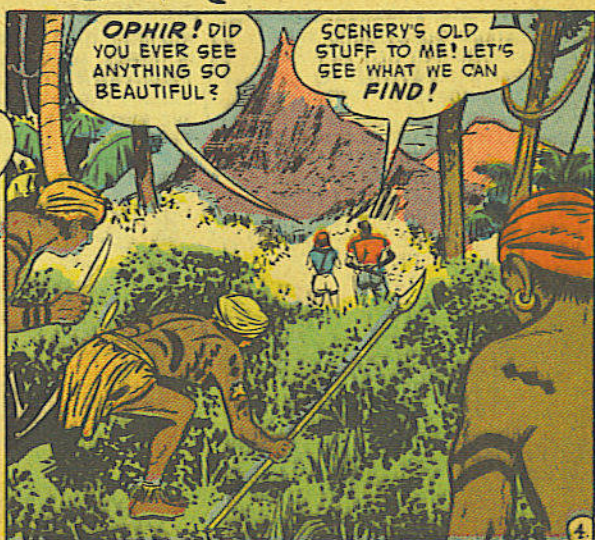
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO SEE DAY-
LIGHT, TYPHOON! MAYBE IT'S BE-
CAUSE I'VE NEVER BEEN IN THE
JUNGLE BEFORE...BUT DURING
THE NIGHT, I HAD A STRANGE
FEELING WE WERE BEING
FOLLOWED!

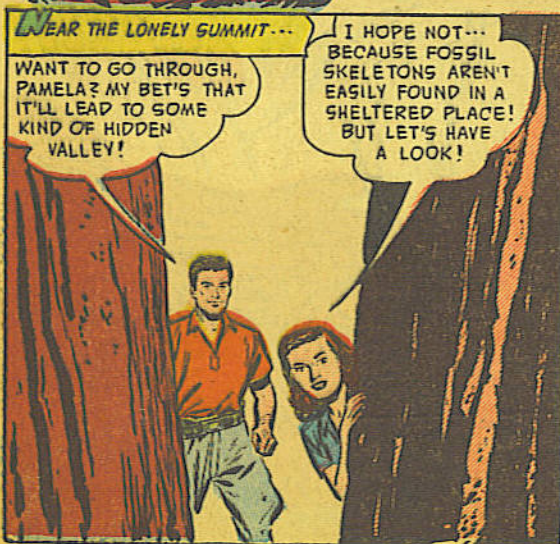
THERE'S
SOMETHING
THAT'LL GET
YOU IN A BETTER
FRAME OF MIND.
HONEY! TAKE
A LOOK!



OPHIR! DID
YOU EVER SEE
ANYTHING SO
BEAUTIFUL?

SCENERY'S OLD
STUFF TO ME! LET'S
SEE WHAT WE CAN
FIND!





DEEP IN THE BROODING JUNGLE...

I'VE NEVER BEEN IN SUCH A **STRANGE** PLACE, **TYPHOON**! THERE'S SOMETHING FORBIDDING ABOUT IT... **AND SOMETHING VERY OLD!**

WAIT! HEAR THAT RUSTLING JUST AHEAD OF US?



MIGHT BE ANYTHING... BUT IF IT IS A NATIVE AMBUSH... I'M BREAKING IT UP FAST!

BANG! BANG!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

HOLY SMOKE... IS THAT THING REAL?

GARRGH!



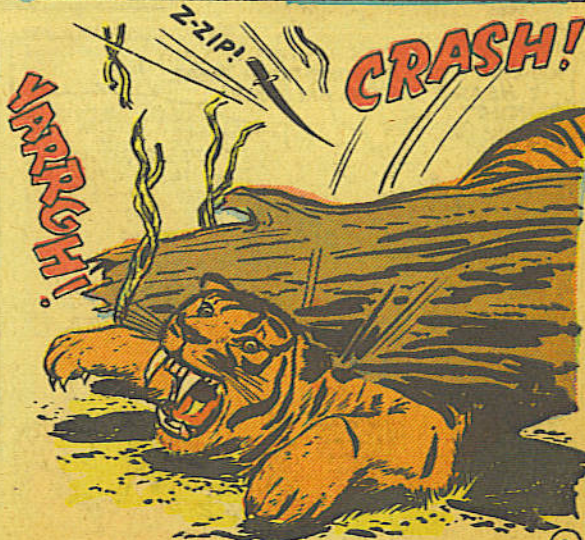
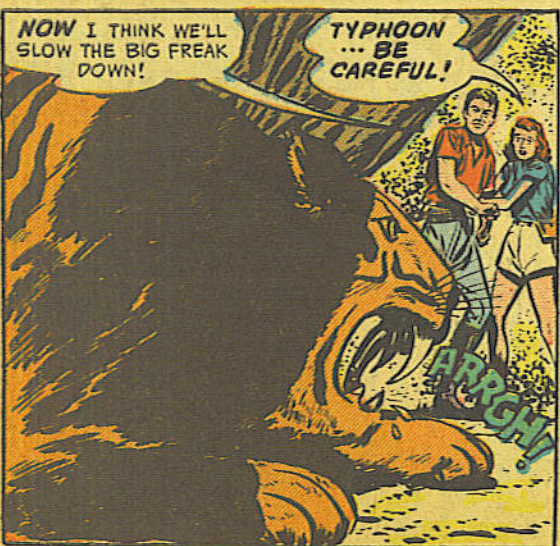
IT'S INCREDIBLE... BUT THE SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS IN THIS VALLEY ARE ALIVE!

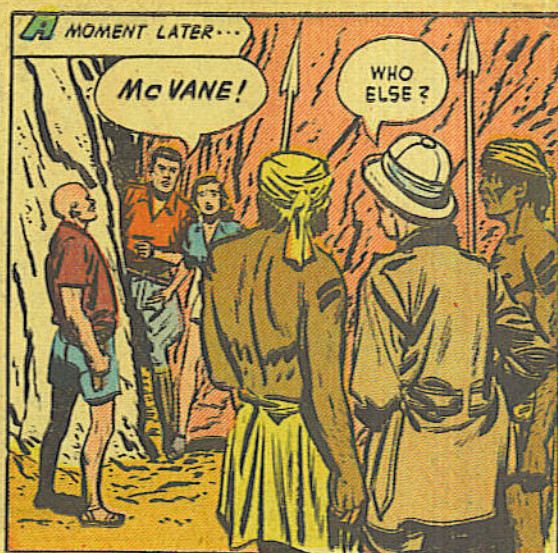
BETTER HURRY BABY... OR WE WON'T BE! IT'S CHARGING RIGHT BEHIND US!

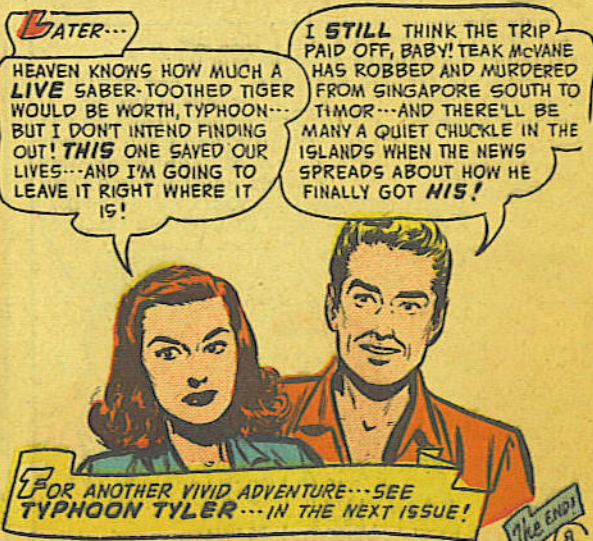


NOW I THINK WE'LL SLOW THE BIG FREAK DOWN!

TYPHOON... BE CAREFUL!







BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead... according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you—are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are... and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them... if they want to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he man"—super at track, games, sports of all kinds... who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair—do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?

ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM

TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES

FRANKLY, JIM ITS THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

FELLOWS! GIRLS! Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless... safe... fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores... make your skin look grimy and dingy... give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!

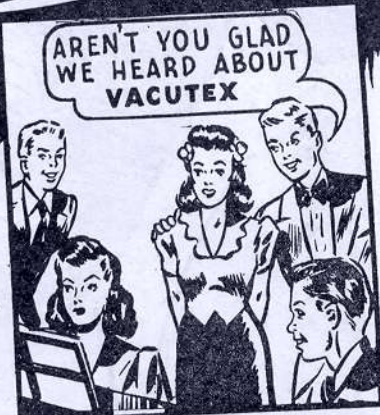


ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 411
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.
My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

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ADDRESS _____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

**JOHNNY
LUJACK**

Ace Quarterback
Chicago Bears



**What Sparks
a Champion
Sparks You!**

*and Champions
choose Wheaties!*

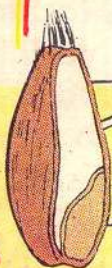
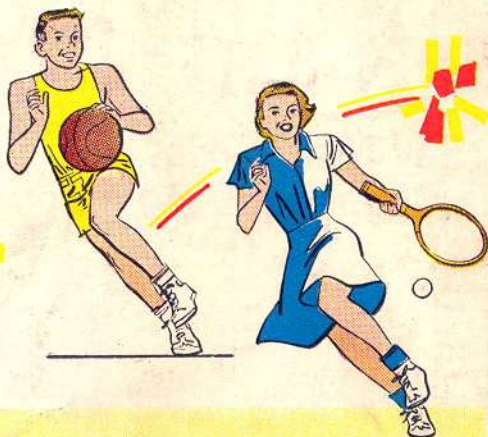
CUTAWAY VIEW
OF WHEAT KERNEL

**THERE'S A
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE**

Hitting the line—or hitting the books—you need lots of energy to see you through. Pour on the wheat-power. Eat lots of Wheaties like the champions do!

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HELPS YOU CARRY THE
BALL AT WHATEVER
YOU DO!





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AMERICAN COMICS GROUP...TOPS in THRILLS!



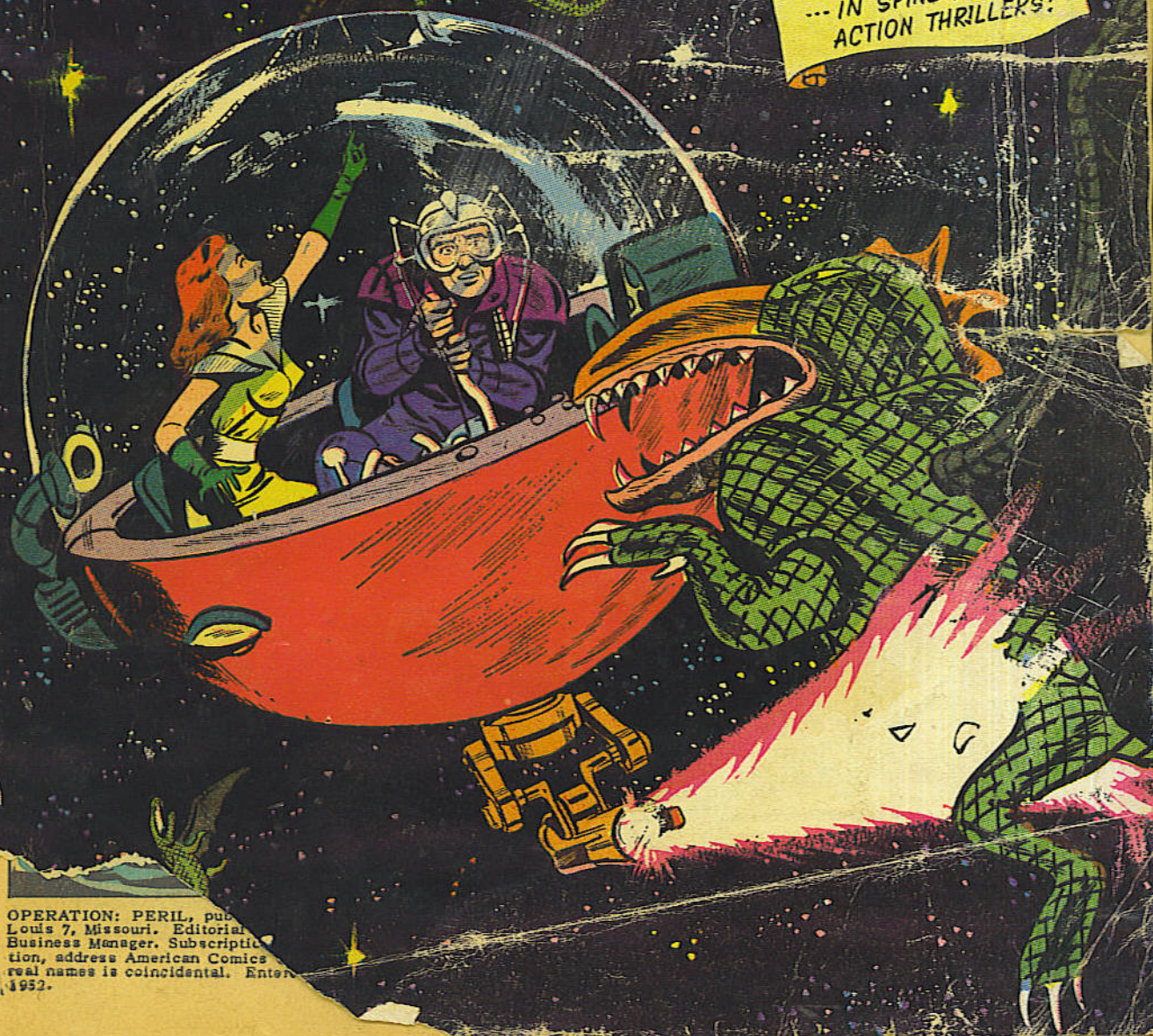
MARCH No 9

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10¢

DANNY DANGER
THE TIME TRAVELERS
TYPHOON TYLER
... IN SPINE-TINGLING
ACTION THRILLERS!



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